THE MAGIC BELL

this New Year's eve from the earth dross freed,

JENNY.

JUNNO what in creation to git your ma for Christmas, Mandy," and Jason Hogarth looked at his caughter inquiringly as if expecting her suggest some sultable gift. But she was busy at that moment testing the smallting of a cake in the over by thrusting a broom straw into it, and when she bad risen to her feet her father said:

"I got her a nice silk umbre!" with a bree handle las' Christmas; paid four slars an' seventy-nine cents for it; an' Il be switched if she's had it out e' case it come in but one solitary time, then she knowed it wa'n't goin' to a. Beats all how savin' your ma is sale. Beats all how savin your make of things. There's the silk dress pattern it got 'er two years ago this Christmas, not even made up yit. I want to git her something this Christmas that she'll have to use an' enjoy. What hin you suggest, Mandy?"

"You want me to tell you what to get her man a Christmas sift no?"

"Yee; blamed if I know what to git?" "You kin? Well, I'll git it if it don't

some at too high a figger. Never had bet-tes crops in my life than I had this year. Your ma done her full share o' work an' I'm anxious to git her something real barnsome for Christmas. What shall it

Mis daughter looked at him steadily for a moment and then said slowly and dis-dactly: "Jenny!"

A sullen frown took the place of the ages flashed ominously and his voice was barab an! cold as he said: "Haven't I tild you, Mandy Jenness,

wer to mention that name to me?"
I know that you have," replied Manby with gathering courage; "but I never mid that I wouldn't do it, and when you seled me what I thought ma'd like best seled he what I rhought ma'd like best for Christmas, I just told you what I how she'd like best. She'd rather have my slater Jenny than anything money on buy. I firmly believe, pa, that ma is shortening her days grieving for Jenny. She just is! I'm going to say my say while I'm at it, whether you like it or soot. I know that I owe you respect, but I away my own and only sister as merhing. lowe my own and only sister something, too, and one duty is just as important as the other. If I—"

"Wait a minit, Mandy," her father said, rising and buttoning up his over-cent. "When your sister Jenny disway with Will Martin an' marryin' into that good-for-nothin' Martin an marryin that good-for-nothin' Martin family. I said that I'd never own her as my daughter ag'in, an' I never will. I said that she should never cross my threshold agin, and a shall."

"I know that the Martine are a poor, "I know that the Martins are a poor, shiftless lot, an' that Will was as trifling as any of 'em. Like enough it was born in 'em to be so. But there never was anything bad about' em, and he's dead an' gone now. An' when I think of poor Jeany workin' the way she has to work ever there in Hebron to support herself an' her two little children, an' you with plenty an' to spare, I know it isn't right, an' if we weren't so poor ourselves an' if my husband's invalld mother didn't have be live with us. I'd bring Jenny an' her to live with us, I'd bring Jenny an' her children right here to live."

"I'd never darken your door ag'in if ou did."
"I guess ma would. It's a burning shame, pa, that you won't even let her se te Hebron to see Jenny. It's killing ma. It's wicked. If I was ma I'd go no

matter what you said."
"Your ma knows very well that she'd
have to go for good if she went at all,"



"I CAN TELL YOU IN ONE WORD."

edied her father coldly. "You an' Tom'il over to eat dinner with us Christmas,

be over to eat dinner with us Christmas, I s'pose?"

"Yes, I s'pose so."

They parted with manifest stiffness of manner on both sides.

"Bet! set! set!" said Mrs. Jenness, as her father walked out of the yard and flown the road toward his own home.

"The settest man that ever walked the earth! I wouldn't stand it about Jenny If I was mother. She's dying to see Jenny's babies, an' I just b'leeve that father'd soften if he saw 'em once. If I dared I'd fix it so he should see those two dear little tots once."

It was dark when Jason Hogarth mached his house. He walked around

It was dark when Jason Hogarth mached his house. He walked around to the rear, where streams of cheery light there from the kitchen windows. A pleasant odor of frying ham greeted him as he entered the kitchen, where a table with a snowy cloth was set for supper, there to the shining kitchen stove.

"It was so chilly in the dining-room, I thought we'd eat supper out here," said his wife, a small, slight, gray-haired weman.

"I enjoy eatin' in the kitchen of a cold ght like this," said her husband. "It's ktin' colder fast. Supper 'bout ready?" "Yes; I'll take it right up."

They talked little while they ate. Ja-con was inwardly rebellious over what he called his daughter's "impudence," and Mrs. Hogarth's thoughts could not be given utterance, because they were of

"I must go up to the attic an' git out the bufflo robes," said Mr. Hogarth, mushing his chair away from the table. "Il start so early in the mornin' I won't have time to git the robes then. I guess

When he had found the robes he said to himself:

"Wonder if my big fur muffer ain't up here in some o' them trunks? I'll need it if it's cold as I think it'll be in the morning. Mebbe it's in this trunk."

He dropped on one knee before a small eid hair-covered trunk, with brassheaded nails that had lost their luster years ago. Throwing up the trunk Md. he held the candle lower. His eye fell on a big rag dell with a china head. He picked it up and stared at it a moment.

His mind went back to a Christmas long years ago. He was a poor young married man then, and he had worked nearly all day at hushing corn for a neighbor, to earn money to buy that doll head, and his wife had sat up until midnight to make the clumsy body stuffed with sawdust. He remembered how his little Jenny had shrieked with joy when she found the doll in her stocking the next morning. The candle in his hand shook strangely as he bent lower over the trunk and brought forth a tiny china cup with "From Papa" on it, and a little sampler with "God bless father and mother" worked in rather uncertain letters by a little hand.

had just come home from Hebron. His wife had heard him drive into the barnyard and had made haste with her supper that it might be ready and hot when he came in. She had also bathed her eyes hastily in cold water that he might not know that she had been crying. Her heart had been so heavy with thoughts of Jenny.

of Jenny.

"How'd you happen to come in at the front door?" she asked.

"You mustn't ask questions so near Christmas time," he said in a voice so light and joyous and joyial that she looked up quickly. He picked up a lamp and "I want to go into the parlor a minute

before supper."

A moment later he called out cheerily:
"Come in here an' see your Christmas
gift, ma. It's such a beauty I can't wait when she reached the open door of the parlor she saw her husband on his knees between a little boy of about 4 years and a little girl of 2, his arm around their waists. A little woman, with a thin, pale, tear-stained face showing beneath her chean little woman in the same and their waists.

her cheap little mourning bonnet, was standing behind Jason.

"Why—why—Jenny!"
"And this is Walter Jason, named for ne, and this is Marthy Isabelle, named

affect the infant unpleasantly—to himself, that is—although the cloudy symphony in red and blue about his innocent mouth was apt to make the beholder shiver. But it made the monkey look sick. Then there was a man on a box, with a major general's uniform, beating a drum. You turned a crank, the general lifted his sticks high in the air, and something in the box made a noise as much like a drum as a peal of thunder is like a piccolo.

These things as toys were of no great value, but as practical and useful object lessons they were beyond all price, on the minus side."



tions, cabbage paims are much used and are very effective. They come from Florida, and measure from 4 to 6 feet in diameter. Because of their size they are

table after he had gone to bed. The man excused himself about 9 o'clock and went to bed, and ten minutes later the watch

and shawl were on the table. "Do you s'pose that feller heard about the watch and shawl?" queried Sam as we got into bed.

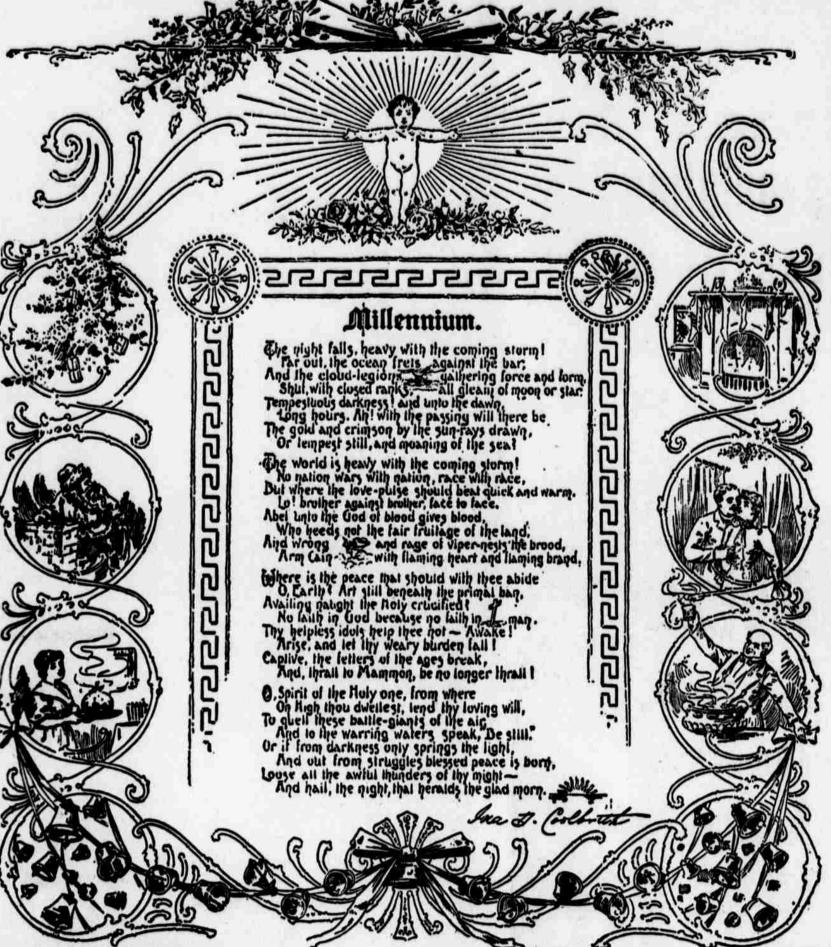
"How could be?"

"I dunno, but I believe he just came here to steal 'em."

We talked the matter over for a few minutes and then fell asleep, and the old clock down in the kitchen was striking 12 when Sam nudged me with his elbow and

"That fellow is robbing the house!" "How do you know?"
"Because I can hear him moving about!

There-don't you hear that? We've got to go downstairs and stop him from taking that watch and shaw!! We slipped out of bed and drew on our



said:
"Why, Jason, you ain't been up in the attic all this time? I s'posed you'd come down an' gone to bed long ago. How husky your voice is. I'm 'fraid you took cold up there in the attic. What ever were you doing up there all this time?"
"Oh, just lookin' over some old things. I didn't take any cold. Better go to bed,

GRAN'MA'S BABIES.

Marthy, if you're bent on gittin' up at 4

The girl who lives next door;
The girl who lives next door;
That papa buys my dolls and things
And sends them from the store;
That Christmas trees are only trash,
And the lovely lights and toys
Are not brought by dear Kris Kringle,
Who loves little girls and boys.

But I went right straight to grandma,
And asked her, solemn, true,
Now isn't there a Manta Claus
Who comes to me and you?
She softly laid her knitting down,
Then kissed me 'tween the eyes,
And said, 'twist you and me, my dear,
I shouldn't be surprised.

CHRISTMAS LONG AGO.

When All the Presents Had to Go Into the Christmas Stocking. Robert J. Burdette, in the Ladies' Home Journal, tells in his humorous way Home Journal, tells in his humorous way how he remembers the Christmas of long ago: "Most of the Christmas presents in those days were designed by the manufacturer for the hanging stocking. Anything too big to go into a stocking had to go over to somebody's birthday. In any family where there was more than one child the old reliable 'Noah's Ark' was always looked for. We hailed with acclamations of astonished recognition Noah and Mrs. Noah, Messrs. and Mmes. Shem, Ham and Japhet. There was no way of telling the men and women apart, they were exactly alike, but the elephant and giraffe you could distinguish at a glance, on account of the spots on at a glance, on account of the spots on the giraffe. So also the dog and the cow, because the cow was always white and blue, while the dog was invasiably plain blue. Within twenty-four hours after the landing on Ararat the baby would have all the paint sucked off Shem, Ham and the hired man, and the doctor cyc when a stranger turned in at company to the stranger turned in the bay-mow at the stranger turned to the stranger turned in at the stranger turned in at company to the stranger turned to

ware and Alabama forests and ordinarily is very plentiful. Hemlock makes a beautiful garland to drape over large mirrors, and when combined with laurel is particularly effective. Laurel alone is much used. Galax leaves, which look like wax and are shaped like an ivy leaf, are much used in combination with the swamp berry, a little bright-red berry about the size of a wild cherry. These, made is to balls, look well hanging from a chandelier. Florida smilax makes a beautiful decoration hung over a mirror or tiful decoration hung over a mirror or draped over a doorway.

OUR CHRISTMAS ROBBER.

save and buy father a silver watch and mother a new shawl for Christmas. The jeweler throw

watch, and on the day before Christmas old Santa Claus had the watch and shawl. Sam and I had sold apples, disposed of old plow-points, hoed corn for the neighbors, gathered and sold hickory nuts and worked various other schemes to get that \$12 shawl, and we had a right to feel clated and groud. We had the to feel elated and proud. We had the articles hidden in the bay-mow at the barn, and about once an hour we had to

It was just growing dark on Christmas

There was a string of blue glass beads that he had given her on her fifth hirther that he had given her on her fifth hirther that he had given her on her fifth hirther that he had given her on her fifth hirther that he had given her on her fifth hirther and her was a dageerrectype of her with the beads around her neck. The little pictured face smiled up at him from the frame and there was a mist before his eyes when he thought of how many, many times those bare little arms had tightened in a warm embrace around his nack, and of how many times those bare little arms had tightened in a warm embrace around his nack, and of how many times those bare little arms he west gift, the sweetest gift, and the world, farrer."

It was 9 o'clock when he want back to the kitchen. His wife looked up from the westly paper as was reading and his face softening as he his heart growing warmer. It was 9 o'clock when he wast back to the kitchen. His wife looked up from the westly paper she was reading and said:

"Why, Jason, you ain't been up in the fifth hird had been done that and said:

"Why, Jason, you ain't been up in the fact had a said that the had given her on her fifth hird over Jenny an' take a look at your church decorations. Of course the misstance decorations. Of course the misstance was pund the door wide the took the missing among the Christmans gift?"

Grandma's Answer.

It was 9 o'clock whon he want back to the kitchen. His wife looked up from the westly paper she was reading and all the world the part of the wast back to the kitchen. His wife looked up from the westly paper she was reading and and as warmen and half understoned the part of the part of

door a little open for me."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to shut him in the stable.

Don't holler nor run away, for I'll be back in a minute."

Out into the snow and cold dashed Sam.

running like a deer and as noiseless as a cat. He found the door shut, and it did And How Two Boys Brought Him to hasp and slip the pin through the staple.

When he came back we aroused father Gricf.

E PLANNED it one day—my brother and mother, routed out the neighbors, sent for the Sheriff, and in about an hour the door was unfastened and the fellow invited to come out. He had strapped mother's new shawl on one of the horses for a saddle and father's Santa Claus agreed to scrape and mother's new shawl on one of the horses for a saddle and father's Santa Claus watch was ticking away in his vest watch was ticking away in his vest pocket. He was marched off to jail while mother a new shawl the roosters were crowing for Christmas.

"Boys," said my father, when we had jeweler threw off \$4 returned to the house—"boys, I thank ye

a thousand times over for this watch

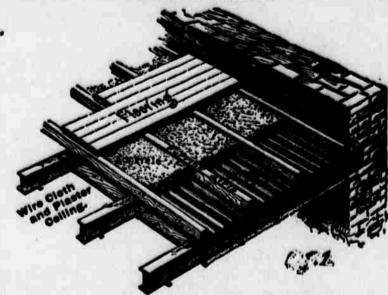
a thousand times over for this watch, which is something I've sorter wanted for years, but let me jest tell ye that ye both orter be taken out and licked fer not tellin' me about that robber till ye had him safely locked up."

"And boys," added mother, with tears in her eyes, as she hugged the shawl and us too, "I not only thank ye as much as father does, but I say ye did jest right in not wakin' us up, I'd have had a fit and father might have tumbled down stairs, and there's no tellin' who'd a-busted up or who'd a tumbled into the cistern!"

SAM'S BROTHER. SAM'S BROTHER.

Santa Claus will be just as well ple if you distribute a few stockings ins of filling quite so many this yo

rheumatism, father invited him in and appeared to think it was all right. Not so with Sam and I, however. We didn't like the looks of the stranger, and when we discovered that he used profane language and chewed plug tobacco we put him down as a bad man. There was a bedroom off the parlor, and it was arranged that he should sleep in there. Also, that Santa Claus should leave the gifts for father and mother on the parlor table after he had gone to bed. The mas



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